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Literary Felonies

BY SINCLAIR LEWIS

Kidnapping of Plot

LONG ROBERT cautiously poked out of the cave-mouth his hat, hung on a hickory bough still scarred from that dreadful funeral pyre. It was answered instantly by the burrr of a machine gun, and the hat leaped, almost comically, off the stick, into the air.

"They're still watching, all right," grunted Father Juggins. "Those revenooers are poison."

They sat taut. At the crackling of a twig their muscles sprang and tightened as though galvanized by an electric shock. They could hear Mat moaning again. Father Juggins drew the gunny-sacking from Mat's shoulders and looked sternly at the blood-soaked shoulder of his hickory shirt.

"He'll die before dawn," said Father Juggins.

There fell a silence like the silence of the tomb. The besieged were waiting—waiting—for the unknown, more terrifying than any visible challenge. Big Benny carefully drew his Colt from a bullet-creased boot and said matter-of-factly, "I'm going to creep down there and—Give my spurs, that once belonged to Jesse James, and my Electrolux to Our Bess, if I don't come back."

"Just a minute before you go into peril," the father commanded, and the brave sons and their kinfolk waited, mute, like men who watch the slow-moving horror on a gallows. "I think it may be time to call to your attention again the significance of the extraordinary fraternal type of domesticity which we—doubtless a singular family—have been leading. Yes, first the tribe passed into the nation, just as—and you know how well both Ortega y Gasset and Count Koudenhove-Calergi predicate it—the nation will inevitably agglomerate as a gene of the world state. And this evolution of the mere family unit, my sons—also you, Cousin Edgar, and quite welcome you are, too—as I have preached throughout this story, not only in the cave but also while we were stuck on that monstrous boulder during the forest fire—it is not merely a non-inhibitory sex development, as Havelock Ellis would have it, nor, unqualifiedly, an economic function, but rather, and you must constantly relate this phenomenon to dialectic materialism, even if the white mule and sowbelly give out before the Hankses come to give us succor—"

The machine gun snarled again.

But from a new position.

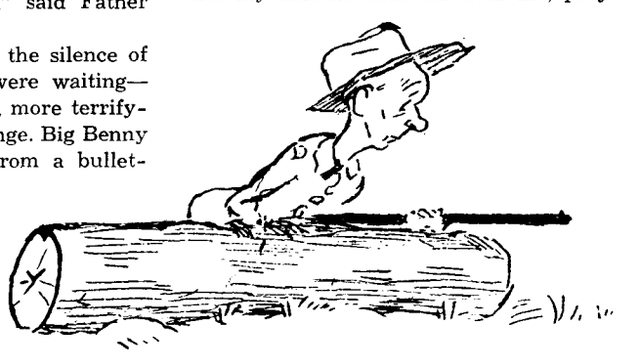
The Jugginses fell dead. All of them.

All that hadn't fallen dead already.

The boys were never to find out what the theme of this novel, "Ye Shall Be of My Household" really is.

First Person Singularson

I shall not frivolously forget the, to me, almost mystically ecstatic moment when these old eyes of mine beheld the bonny buttresses of Chartres. Now that I, my faithful reader, have brought my hero and my heroine thus far with me, pray let me pause while I, if I may be pardoned for stepping down from my stage during my play, record my impressions as they clanged upon my eyes, my ears, my nose, and my note-book as with Clarence and Gladys, still hand in hand—my hand, I mean—I stood before that cathedral, so like what I myself would have planned, and looked at it, and probably it looked at ME.



SINCLAIR LEWIS. *Caricature by Lloyd Lewis.*

Obtaining Game under False Pretenses

The kudu was a good 470 metres away. I grabbed up my Mannlicher, muttering to the Laconic Limey, "Thoreau is lousy—Willa Cather is a bum—Josephine Johnson is an illiterate brat." I threw down the Mannlicher and grabbed up my Sharps's. The n.g. with his usual native-guide surliness said, "N'bo?" which meant, "Why, in the name of the crocodile god, don't you try a Thompson sub-machine gun—that's the only wagon you can hit that kudu with now!"

"Go to the devil, n.g. Dos Passos is all right, though, and I suppose e. e. cummings is, even if Bunny Wilson did boost him." And I chucked the Sharps's and grabbed my Winchester four-gauge shotgun.

By now the kudu was 516 meters away. I aimed pretty carefully. "You're a swell woodchuck killer!" jeered the L.L. I went on aiming. It was swell. I felt fine. The o.l. shouted, "It's certainly swell! I feel fine! You're a swell shot!" And maybe I was, for the kudu, hit in the belly, was crawling, his guts dragging, while he made a foolish noise like a woman dying in agony.

"Isn't it swell and melancholy, the way the kudu groans! Like something at twilight. Like the Sonata Appassionata at twilight," said the o.l.

"Santayana is lousy. He never slaughters any animals. None at all. Thornton Wilder is terrible. So was Emerson," I said.

The kudu stopped and died. We all had a drink of beer. We felt fine.

"You're a first-rate woodchuck killer. Swell!" said the L.L.

Taking the First Name in Vain

(Crime now infrequent in New York, but still a Deadly Menace in the Provinces. Often combined with Infringement of Friendliness.)

F. D. R. boosts the Boy Scouts. Hope you don't think they're just your mental age, Frankie. . . . Tugwell plans new Utopia in Maryland. Going to live there with the missus and kids yo'self, Rex? . . . Comes bei our desk the new Nordhoff-Hall tome, "The Bounty on the Bounty." Hope to go Way Down Yander and meet you boys some day. Whynt you drop a fella an autographed postcard some day, Jim & Charley? . . . Katherine Hepburn threatens to come back to speaking stage. Good luck, Kit, ole gal. . . . Bishop William Thomas Manning says his tame cathedral will last forever. Attaboy! That's tellin' 'em, Bish. . . . Rumors that Adolph, Franchot & Mae will do a flicker made from Hank Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith." Mae cast for spreading chestnut tree? How

Next Week

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER

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about Greta for dumb anvil? . . . Ezra Pound claims Mussolini is O. K. Guess Ben is glad to have a few kind words even from Ez. . . . Secy Frances Perkins writing a book. Don't forget to send us an autographed copy, Fanny. Welcome to death—thenks in advence. You don't know us personally, Fan, but you can't guess how tickledtodeath we'll be when we get it. Calling all authors! Allee samee to all you guys on this autograph proposition. Only take you a couple minutes to scrawl your John Hancock and mail us the book, but it'll mean a whole lot to me and to my boy, who has been collecting autographs ever since they threw him out of the School for the Feeble-Minded. . . . Edie Wharton, Dot Canfield, Jinny Woolf note, especial. F' some reason, the Drum & Fife likes these three gals, and me, I think they're well up in the class of the he-men. . . . Kink predicts building of two more *Queen Marys*. Good luck, Eddie. . . . Signing off. Bye 'til tomorra.

Subornation of Oratory

I yield to no man in my admiration for the root principles laid down by the Founding Fathers, like Jefferson (Hamilton, Marx, Lenin). On the one hand, the Constitution has in the past been the sacred arcana of our liberties; but on the other it must ever receive an ever renewed scrutiny in the light of the principles laid down by the Democratic (Republican, Socialist, Communist, Prohibitionist, Townsendite, Chevrolet, Ford, Plymouth, Baby Austin, Gem, Gillette, Schick) Party that it may constantly be kept flexible, to meet the needs of a sound Social Security policy and yet guarantee a constantly expanding supply of Consumer Goods. No matter who else profits, the Farmer must receive to the full the fruits of his labor; while the fruits of his labor must in full be lavishly bestowed upon the urban industrialist, and the middle-class brain-workers—oh they, my friends, to whom most of us belong, what fruit *we'll* get, after the election!

Simple Simile Simony and Metaforgery

For weeks I'd scarcely been able to write my daily colyum. I was tired to death; working like a dog, nervous as a cat, and sometimes sick as a pup. I could still write like an angel, folks assured me, so I took it like a little soldier and hung on like grim death. But I was only holding on by my eyelashes, up to the day when I took a vacation—took it? Say, I took it like Grant took Richmond!—and hied myself to that Little House by the Side of the Road, that Shrine of Humble Friendship, up in the mountains. I was doubtful about the entire practicability of the move, but still, I thinks, wasn't I on the knees of the gods?

My host was that grand old hillbilly Cap'n Micajah Moxie. He smoked like a chimney and drank like a fish, and sometimes he swore like a trooper. He would go off on bats and be merry as a grig; he'd get full as a tick and tight as a drum —in fact, boiled as an owl. And at such times, if any one said him nay, he would fight like a demon—and next moment he would troll out a song that made the welkin ring. But usually he was sober; and drunk or sober, he was straight as a dye. He was wise as Solomon and deep as a well, for though he pretended to be poor as a church-mouse, and to be meek as Moses to bill-collectors, I've heard that he was rich as Croesus. Anyway, he was brave as a lion and sturdy as an oak, easy as an old shoe and honest as the day is long. His heart was in the right place and his sympathies were broad as the sea. He was a diamond in the rough, and one of Nature's gentlemen.

His orphaned granddaughter and grandson lived with him. Now I am not one of these writers who believe in just giving a story a lick and a promise. I went through all the facts about those kids with a fine-toothed comb, and came to know them the way a fellow knows the palm of his hand. Gladiola was pretty as a peach, with hair that shone like spun gold and lips red as the rose. She was fresh as the mountain dew and sweeter than honey. She was only about as big as a minute, slender as a birch, graceful as a willow, and playful as a kitten, yet she was fleet as the wind—why, some days she was swift as an antelope, as she wandered near and far, of her own sweet will.

All day long she sang like a lark—doubtless that was because she was happy as a lark—and all evening she would talk thirteen to the dozen. She was the apple of Cap'n Moxie's eye, and if she had any faults, he was blind as a bat to them.

Her brother, ten years younger, was an active little tyke, more fun than a box of monkeys; lively as a cricket and bright as a dollar. Yet when I wanted to nap and indulge myself in Nature's sweet restorer, sleep, he could be quiet as a mouse. Really, the little tad was good as gold and friendly as a pup, and I was pleased as Punch to have such a cute kiddie as my pal.

Though it was but a humble structure of logs, their cabin was neat as a pin. The living-room was lined with books and showed that Mine Host, though a man with the bark on, was a devout reader of good books. He always said that whenever a new book came out, he always reread an old one, so you can readily see how much he read. Though the chairs were home-made, the cushions were soft as down, and every evening an open fire glowed like a ruby. And what meals we had there, for hunger is the best sauce; delectable trout fresh from the brook, and berries with the dew still on them. Simply *delectable!*

In these wholesome surroundings, far from the maddening crowd, the busy marts of trade, the ruthless pursuit of pleasure, the mad pursuit of wealth, the deafening clamor of the busy traffic, the constant hurry, the artificial life—in fact, away from the city—I soon got better. In a week, I was sleeping like a top, most nights, and eating like a horse. Though the brook was cold as ice, every morning I would dive in like a duck and swim like a fish. When I came out, I felt strong as an ox, and used to crow like a rooster. My cares seemed to have vanished like a puff of smoke. I stayed on long after the agreed-upon fatal day. My Boss wanted me back; he got cross as two sticks about it and sore as a goat, but his burning words just went in one ear and out the other. Anyway, I hated that Boss. He was crooked as a ram's horn—slippery as an

(*Continued on page* 14)

The Fox

BY KENNETH PATCHEN

BECAUSE the snow is deep—
Without spot that white falling through white air

Because she limps a little—bleeds
Where they shot her

Because hunters have guns
And dogs have silly legs

Because I'd like to take her in my arms
And tend her wound

Because she can't afford to die
Killing the young in her belly

I don't know what to say of a soldier's dying
Because there are no proportions in death

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Life on the Mississippi Delta

GREEN MARGINS. By E. P. O'Donnell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

DOWN in the Delta section of Louisiana where the Mississippi pours its waters into the Gulf, where shrimp and oyster fisheries and alligator hunts yield a living to a people of pioneer mould, Mr. O'Donnell has placed the scene of his book. It is a fresh and honest book, full of faults, to be sure, but with a vigor and sincerity which make understandable the bestowal on it of the Houghton Mifflin literary fellowship prize award. Here is soil little worked in American fiction, this region of flat land and teeming waters, with its mixed population who fight and lust and love with a primitive simplicity and whose tussle for a living has crowded out the gentler education that lay in the background of its civilization. It is a book, like its heroine, "with a little core of hardness," frank of speech, hitting straight from the shoulder, but melting at times into a painful tenderness.

Of plot there is little, and of action much. The story is focussed about the person of Nicolene Kalavich, known as Sister, daughter of a Dalmatian immigrant, dying of tuberculosis and drink. Sister is swept dramatically into the book by the storm that drives her to seek shelter in a boat on the river shore and to an encounter from which she emerges with her virginity gone but her innocence of soul unimpaired. The rest of the story, from the opening incident on, is concerned with the episodes of her life which follow upon this night, her banishment to her grandfather's home, her motherhood, her struggle to sustain her child; her relations with the man she does not love and the man she loves and marries, with her friends and her brother.

As a novel, "Green Margins" is full of flaws; it is like a gangling youth, loose-jointed, awkward, and clumsy. Its narrative is ill-articulated, its manner at times halting. Mr. O'Donnell has not yet learned how to inter-relate his characters or how to weave the various strands of his story into a harmonious pattern. His scenes veer back and forth from one set of personalities to another, and the contiguous lives he depicts instead of being knit into close texture are presented in separate blocks. Nor is he happy when he strays from the simple folk of the delta region into society of more sophisticated kind. The woman, for instance, whom he introduces as foil for his heroine, and who shapes her education for a time, is a lifeless and pallid creature, well enough in conception but unsuccessful in execution.

But when Mr. O'Donnell is dealing with his delta scene and people, then he writes in other wise. Here the stamp of truth is upon his book, and the stir of life is in its personalities and incidents. Grandpaw Kalavich, with his blend of shrewdness and wisdom, flowering in a kindly and tolerant understanding, Sister's brother, unscrupulous, weak, yet with something of strength in his very weakness, Unga January, her friend with colored blood, her husband, for all his philandering single in his devotion to her, these are flesh and blood people, instinct with emotion, sturdy, vigorous. And the life of which they are a part, the hard, laborious days, the lusty feasting, the brawls, the loves, the feuds, flashes by in vivid panorama full of vivacity and color. The Louisiana of the Delta region is here in all the richness of its wild life, birds and fish and small game, wracked by storm and basking in hot sun. And always as pivot for it all is Sister, whose young, cramped life is irradiated by her dreams, Sister, groping toward understanding, wistful and defiant at once, wise despite her ignorance, innocent despite her knowledge, a figure vibrant and valiant. The author who created her and the scenes through which she moves is one to watch. His book and Mr. Saint Martin's recent "Madame Toussaint's Wedding Day" have put the Mississippi delta on the literary map.

FROM THE JACKET OF "GREEN MARGINS."

W. R. BURNETT
with Mrs. Burnett and their racing dog, Sergeant Troy.

Pyrrhic Victory

KING COLE. By W. R. Burnett. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

LONG ago W. R. Burnett, aspiring writer disguised as a statistician on the payroll of the State of Ohio, must have considered the literary possibilities in the politics which is the life blood of state capitals. But only belatedly has W. R. Burnett, successful author, put the drama of state politics into a novel. Perhaps he has done it too late, for his swift, crowded story of a Governor in the six closing days of his campaign for re-election seems less informed with an objective knowledge of politics than wrought in a brittle bitterness with the affairs and lives of men.

Deliberately, obviously, Mr. Burnett has undertaken to tell the story of Read Cole, Governor of the Sovereign State of Ohio, an intelligent man who at a perilous time indulged in precarious foolishness with a pretty hat check girl, an honest man who in the extremity of a campaign did not hesitate to hazard in cold blood the lives and safety of the people of his state—to incite riot deliberately in a reactionary Red scare in order to insure his own election. Such a character is a difficult creation and Mr. Burnett does not wholly succeed in making him credible. Certainly he fails to give true Pyrrhic irony to the victory Cole wins at the polls only at the cost of causing the death of his friend who gave him the one wholly satisfactory relationship of his life.

But actually Mr. Burnett has not written a story of politics. Politics is merely

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scenery for his drama of unhappy people. Sometimes indeed his politicians seem less people than props. He seems instead to have written out of some inner weariness and not out of the politics of Ohio a tale in which the young are callow and impulsive and the older, impulsive still, find in life some excitement, much desire, but little, if any, abiding satisfaction.

Perhaps, however, it is futile to seek meaning and purpose where the play's the thing. Whether Mr. Burnett finds the secret heart of the politician or not, whether he discloses the ultimate unhappy seizure of the second best, or less than that, by all men as they grow older, he unquestionably can write fast-paced, reader-holding fiction. Some of his characters are less fresh than familiar. Some of his situations are sharply strained. A good deal of his writing is as vivid and as superficial as lacquer. But the book moves. There is no doubt about that. Crowded with interlocking stories, it advances in complex melodrama to the popular unraveled ending. Only our simple fathers demanded virtue triumphant. We have grown too wise to be so easily pleased. A good melodramatist in these times is not concerned with saving the old homestead; he ends with the house burning to the joint consternation of the mortgagor and the mortgagee. Pyrrhus made the pattern, as Mr. Burnett concedes, but Pyrrhus, as Mr. Burnett demonstrates, was not the only man who could neatly execute the design.

Jonathan Daniels is editor of the Raleigh News and Observer.

Blurb of the Week:

"This intriguing story begins with a really delicious death-bed scene" . . . From the jacket of "Hell's Bells" by Marmaduke Dixey.

Without Benefit of Supervisors

FOR THE SAKE OF SHADOWS. By Max Miller. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

MAX MILLER'S roof needed creosoting and his auto needed a new top. So he found himself, like other writers before him, sitting in a Hollywood studio with five new pencils, three different-colored stacks of paper, and a well-oiled typewriter, wondering what to do about a girl and a boy in the U. S. Coast Guard. They came to nothing in the end—he couldn't make them sufficiently colossal. But, if anybody wants to know what the new inmate of room 19 on the lower floor thinks about, the first week or so while the size of the check still seems incredible, here it is. Mr. Miller, it appears, got out, after that. Fortunately, perhaps, for the reflexes become numbed very quickly, after the first half-dozen conferences.

A sensitive and intelligent reporter, Mr. Miller sets down what he saw and heard, from the screen-writer saying, "But I tell you he had to have the horse die at the end of the race. If he hadn't've had the horse die what would he have had die? He had to have something die," to the producer, remarking magnoliously, "There is nothing great about these. Nothing great whatsoever. It starts out too slight. My God, who ever heard of a great picture starting out as slight as this. It ought to start out with a scene of big confusion. There should be ships and S.O.S-s. It should all be confusion." There is the visitor who said "Ain't it disillusionin'?" and the pleasant, experienced woman from upstairs who told him, "We have all agreed that we should have a motto framed on our walls reading: AFTER ALL, IT'S ONLY ANOTHER PICTURE." And then, there was the shoe-shine man on the Lot. On the whole, he seemed to be the happiest—at least he was the one that Mr. Miller envied. He was shining real shoes with real polish—and when they were shined, they were shined.

Of course Mr. Miller can be dismissed by Hollywood—if Hollywood reads this book—as "one of those highbrow writers who couldn't make good in pictures." But that would be a trifle inaccurate. Mr. Miller was an excellent and experienced reporter before he became a writer of books—and he is an excellent reporter still. And what he gets to a T, besides a great deal of amusing and limpidly bitter satire, is the puzzled wrath and impotence of the writer who wants to do work, after all, no matter how much he is paid, and can't find how it is to be done. For he has come to a land where a story isn't a story but a conference, and little pigs fly around roasted crying "Come eat me!" Only they aren't real little pigs—they turn into something else on the stroke of midnight—and another matchless super-epic opens, in forty-two key-cities with appropriate pomp.

What Mr. Miller has left out of his book is the fact that good pictures are made, from Mickey Mouse to "The Informer." But what he has put in ought to explain to a good many people, from the writer's angle, the curious, pretentious sterility of much of the Hollywood product—and why you will see a picture with screen-credit given to A the famous novelist and B the celebrated playwright and then wonder what has happened to their minds. For an individual writer is, let us say, an ear of corn—and you are not going to turn an ear of corn into an apple, even by paying it a great deal of money. Especially when you're not quite sure what sort of apple you want. And it doesn't really better a dish to put seventeen different cooks on it. It's more apt to turn out hash.

Meanwhile, writers will continue to go to Hollywood for the money, and Hollywood will continue to feel vaguely cheated when the new expensive import doesn't produce a box-office wow in his supervised room 19. "We did everything for that fellow—we gave him a private water-cooler and put his name on the door." Perhaps that wasn't enough. Mr. Miller wasn't quite able to work the wreck of the *Morro Castle* into his Coast Guard story, though he tried. At the end of eight days, he only had a few notes and it wasn't a great picture. But he has been able to make an entire and amusing book of his fantastic experiences in the sleek, artificial sunlight. Only he was writing that himself, without benefit of supervisors. Worm bites bird.

Stephen Vincent Benét can speak with authority of the sensations of an author in Hollywood, having spent considerable time there himself a few years ago.

MAX MILLER AND CLAUDETTE COLBERT

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Civilization in the U. S. A.

MAINLAND. By Gilbert Seldes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

"I HAVE devoted a large section of this book," Mr. Seldes says, "to refuting the general theory that the American system of life has resulted in nothing but tawdriness, childishness, and a dry and withered soul." Advice to opponents: don't try to argue with that section of "Mainland." It is a chapter and verse documentation of the thesis maintained here last week, that during the last quarter-century a majority, the most fluent and publicized majority, of American intellectuals have been wrong in their representations and interpretations of American history, American institutions and traditions, and American life. Not wrong in part, in occasional detail, in an assertion here or a syllogism there or a minor argument somewhere else, but always wrong about everything. Stated thus bluntly it may, to a virginal mind, seem blatantly overstated, but it is literal truth and the specimens which Mr. Seldes examines may be supplemented with ten thousand others. Hundreds of books may be earmarked as evidence, whole files of magazines, an enormous mass of organized and integrated nonsense which got itself accepted by the guild as realistic description and which, unfortunately for those who would rebut Mr. Seldes, remains in the records. He comes into action against it on page one, firing at every port, and his broadsides make highly exhilarating reading. Already several supporters of the dying cause have complained that parts of Mr. Seldes's gunfire are unsportsmanlike, that some of his targets are too easy, that he pots some of them sitting down. Maybe; but what are they doing in the line of fire? Analyzing America in time of crisis is serious business. If an idealogue insists on discussing important matters without first acquainting himself with them, he must expect to be winged by a man who knows what he is talking about. The former managing editor of the *Dial* knows his idealogues, and the author of "The Stammering Century" and "The Years of the Locust" knows his history.

When Mr. Seldes goes on to the all-important part of his book, his own analysis of the American past, he bases it on the findings of history and the sociological, as distinguished from the economic, principles of Marx. He accepts Marx's axiom (it is also Pareto's, though in one of the few misconceptions in his book Mr. Seldes seems to think otherwise) that "the mode of production of material life determines the social, political, and intellectual process of life in general." He joins to this principle the fundamental, unanswerable, and usually disregarded truism that the mode of production of material life in the United States has been so different from what it has been anywhere else that the social and political life here is conditioned in a unique, characteristic form and function. This will not, of course, be news to students of history. The absolute, determining importance to American institutions of the cheap land which made widely dispersed property the basis of freedom, established democracy as our political mechanism, provided a constantly rising standard of living, and created both the democratic

GILBERT SELDES

materialism and the democratic faith in progress—the absolute importance of cheap land in establishing uniquely American ways of life has been the insistence of historical research ever since Turner's classic statement of it in 1893. Following Turner and his school, following Charles Beard and his school, following the recent and highly important work of Walter Webb, Mr. Seldes goes on to interpret the national past as the conflict of two generalized, inclusive complexes of forces. A trans-Alleghany proliferation of a native society in conformity with the unique conditions of this continent has been opposed by, but to a certain extent victorious over, an Atlantic seaboard with roots in the European interests, moved in part by the same forces, and tending always to be shaped by them.

I do not think that Mr. Seldes's analysis can be overthrown, or that any important dissent from his third section, an exposition of characteristic American intellectual processes and achievements, can be sustained. The most vigorous forces in American life are the ones that have been resolved from the forces he examines. They are materialistic, not idealistic; pluralistic, not monistic; dynamic, not static. They correspond to the dominant importance of the middle class, whose most characteristic organization of society is to be found in the Middle West—which has come to *be* what we effectively mean by democracy. It is an organization which established the widespread diffusion of property as the bulwark of freedom, which has struggled to reëstablish it against the concentrations of property that menace freedom, which has always opposed internationalism whether of finance or of political theory, and which in summoning the government to implement and defend it has moved slowly but discernibly toward democratic collectivism.

In his concluding section, Mr. Seldes examines the present crisis and some of the proposed solutions to it, including the forced and false simplification which holds that the United States must choose either the fascist or the communist form of the servile state. Holding that different forces operating on different material produce different results and that a pluralistic culture whose core is change cannot be forced into a static and monistic form, he declares that the asserted alternative is untrue to logic, to history, and to fact. The issue already joined is rather between a technology which must control industry on behalf of an expanding economy of plenty, and a financial system geared to economic scarcity and in deadly danger of freezing so. Mr. Seldes's vote, and his faith, is with the complex of forces which has opposed such a financial system since before the United States was born. Vote and faith put him on the side of a good many Americans who are poison to the idealogues—but so much the better omen. Other and more inspiring omens go with him—of history, and of the middle class, the too nearly voiceless people who in the end have determined every event in our past. And who have always determined it in their own terms, giving native shape to native life.

"Mainland" is brilliant in its analyses, its characterizations, and its illumination of the present by means of history, but if it were merely a brilliant book there would be no point in treating it at this length. It is courageous and exhilarating, it is hard and firm, it is in great part unassailable. It speaks clearly and, if a lifetime of working in the materials with which it deals entitles me to judge, what it says is true. More than all this, it is a sign of the times. Only a few more books like it would be necessary to show that the American middle class, the seldom considered but preëminent fact about American life, now knows that it need not go voiceless and is beginning to find its voice.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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The 42nd Parallel

LAST winter the writer of these lines chanced to attend a gathering of literary people in Chicago two nights after being with a similar group in Boston. Overhearing a conversation about the James brothers, he was bewildered for several minutes until he perceived that the subjects were not William and Henry James, as he had assumed (Mr. Perry's prize-winning biography having been recently published), but Frank and Jesse James. Later on, he mentioned the fact that when he returned to Harvard, he was going to offer a course of lectures on American literature since 1912. Asked which poet he intended to discuss as, all things considered, the best one of the period, he was injudicious enough to answer truthfully. At once Mr. Lloyd Lewis, Mr. Sterling North, Mr. Kurt Stein, and other worthies formed a skirmish line and advanced upon him: the best poet of the period was by no means the one he had named, to any mind but a decadent Easterner's (from Utah) the one great American poet of modern times was obviously Vachel Lindsay. The lake roared for a while, then Chicago's traditional courtesy reasserted itself and the synthetic Easterner was permitted his heresy as coming under the Bill of Rights, though certainly wrong-headed and preposterous.

The incident revealed not only different literary criteria but also wholly different organizations of literary thinking. It also illustrated a condition which a literary editor may not ignore. The publishing business has been centralized in New York. Since the tribes always follow the buffalo, there has been a heavy concentration of writers in New York. Finally, the only journals of literary opinion that have a national circulation are edited in New York. In consequence it has become habitual to assume that the tastes of New York are those of the nation at large and that the critical judgments of New York, whether they are representative or have been imposed by force or fashion, must be accepted as what America thinks about literature. Editors know otherwise, and the assumption is an obvious non sequitur on the face of it—but it is carried by default. Recognizing the existence of many other points of view and standards of value, one is almost altogether at a loss to determine what they are and to give them expression in such a periodical as *The Saturday Review*. Yet the hope of such a periodical must be to discover and to express them and its obligation is to interpret them. There they are: unconscious assumptions at variance with those that underlie the reviews usually published here, conditioned ways of looking at the season's books that are seldom the way they are looked at in these columns, consciously applied precepts of criticism too often disregarded by our reviewers, habits and beliefs and theses and prejudices only sporadically voiced here. There they are—customarily ignored, though to ignore them is to maintain literary opinion on the level of mere caprice and to render futile any generalizations made about American thought. There they are—but just what are they? And how do you go about finding them?

Facts ought to come first but it is almost impossible to get them. Some of the relevant facts are inaccessible, being hidden from research in the ledgers of publishers. How many copies of "Gone with the Wind" have been sold in Atlanta, how many in San Bernardino, how many in Providence, how many in Butte? That being known, how many copies of "The Big Money" did the same cities buy, and what correlations appear between such sales and the sales of "The Trouble I've Seen," "Moscow Skies," and "The Renaissance of Physics"? If the publishers are secretive, the librarians have no voice. Such ratios as these having been established, what relationships to them are shown by the library loans in such cities, and especially in the towns? What books are being borrowed from the library in St. Johnsbury, Pocatello, North Platte, Escanaba, Wichita, and Harrisburg? What groups are reading them in what numbers, and how do the groups and numbers vary from Los Angeles to Portsmouth? And how many letters of protest did a literary editor in St. Paul get when he praised "Three Worlds"? In Santa Fe? In Cleveland? And if you follow the reviews of "The Anatomy of Frustration" along the 42nd parallel, what conclusions can you draw?

Facts of this order might be established in part. Lists of the best sellers in the largest cities might be supplemented with similar lists from the towns; lists of the worst sellers and especially quantitative tables on the books in between would be even more to the point. But more important than statistical information is material which only a sensitive and assiduous intelligence could uncover, and which must be uncovered in many places before we can say much that is sensible about literary opinion in America. What is the recurrent Felix Fay musing over in the immortal Davenport? Which books of the season move him to anger or to rapture? Which ones is he agonizing over in his secret, abashed attempts to make a writer of himself? Which ones caused a quarrel at dinner last night in Petersburg, in Camden, in Cheyenne? What are the private presses printing in Fresno, what agitates the little magazines of Mauch Chunk and Sauk Center? Who is writing books in San Francisco, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Baltimore, and Cornopolis? What are inland writers talking about? How do their literary notions, preferences, and distastes harmonize and clash? How do they resemble those of the mechanics and the real estate men of their home towns? What do they say about books in the women's clubs and the United Cigar stores of Dubuque? And what does Little Rock think of that?

These things must be known if critical generalizations are to rise very far above rumor, cocktail-hour chatter, and publicity releases. Anyone who really knows about any of them will find anything he may write about them treated with the utmost respect in this office. Anyone who knows how the editors may inform themselves will be listened to with attention. Projects of our own, besides, are under way. The constant effort of a literary journal must be to obtain information on a national scale, and that indispensable effort is only a preliminary one to the decentralization of opinion. New York opinion is sometimes interesting and frequently salable, but it does not matter much. The sectional cultures must use a common forum if the nation is to be accurately described. Here is a forum eager to be used. How can it be used?

Ten Years Ago

Two novels reviewed in *The Saturday Review* of October 2nd, 1926, were indicative of two trends in fiction then current. One, "Chevrons" by Leonard H. Nason, was among the first novels to usher in a different attitude toward war. To quote Stephen Graham, the reviewer: "*We spell war as Glory—Heroism—Victory, and that is a gratifying blend of ideas. But Mr. Nason seems to spell it Callousness—Ferocity—Nonentity. . . . Get this book and read it—that will mean more than putting flowers on the graves of unknown soldiers.*"

The other novel was "Nigger Heaven," by Carl Van Vechten, reviewed by Eric Walrond, who wrote in the same issue: "'*Nigger Heaven*' *will be pointed to as a frontier work of an enduring order. As literature with a strong social bias it prepares the way for examination of the fruits of a cultural flowering among the Negroes which is now about to emerge.*"

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Letters to the Editor:

Beyond "the American Scene;" In Defense of T. S. Eliot

Beside the Limpopo

SIR:—Criticism cannot do much—except to form committees to select, prepare, and cut up the literary diet for mass digestion, served (vitamins or no) so often as to form a chronic appetite that feeds a soft and pasty flesh whose metabolic balance lies down with diabolic intent. Otherwise the critics can do little, except to praise their friends, live on the Frankensteins they allow to wander, and ignore the great of their generation, while they feed on the fatted calf that should belong to their prodigal brother.

If the wanderer has returned to America, so has the cosmic flow turned Americaward. Must our great literature come from a knowledge of how the Americans live? May we at some point look forward to approval by the critical lords, if we shall have written only of how man lives, with no flag? Cather, Ferber, Wolfe, have given us the American scene, but we want more. Glasgow has given us the American scene, but we want more. Talk of generations, classifications, the divisions of life, may be the stuff whereby the professor lives and fills notebooks. but after that—what? The reason that poetry has to be fourth rate to be noticed is that there are so many critics and there is not enough poetry to go around. . . .

DOROTHY W. BUTTS.

Newfane, Vt.

Eliot, Morals, and Censorship

SIR:—In your issue of September 19th appears a review of T. S. Eliot's "Essays Ancient and Modern," by Mr. Howard Mumford Jones. The review attempted to be fair but was, I think, marred by irrelevant paragraphs.

When Mr. Jones asserts that Mr. Eliot is inconsistent for criticizing the modern tendency in literature which advocates people "to get what they can out of life while it lasts" because he admires the Jacobeans who did likewise, Mr. Jones is missing the crux. The point is that Mr. Eliot may admire the Jacobeans as writers (as he admires some moderns) but does not admire them as moral guides. And when Mr. Jones says good criticism was produced in the 18th century and that the men living then had not similar theological views he is correct—but not wholly so. Hazlitt, Jeffrey, *et al.*, lived in an age when there was a more universal acceptance of moral ideas among eminent men than there is today. The break-up which began to take shape in the 18th century is in full swing today. Differences in fundamentals are greater, even if only relatively greater.

Mr. Jones further complains that Mr. Eliot does not define "literary standards." This is true—but irrelevant. Because the argument is that literary standards of any kind are insufficient to establish the "greatness of a writer." And they are so because "greatness," in the fullest sense, means not only that a man is an excellent writer but that his philosophy is also excellent and sound.

"IS *LIVE ALONE AND LIKE IT* A SEQUEL TO *THE WELL OF LONELINESS*?"

Finally Mr. Jones says that Mr. Eliot is really advocating a sort of censorship. Of course he is! He advocates it because he is aware that unless those who are professed and active Christians do exercise some sort of control, the way is open to all sorts of pernicious teaching. The criticism Mr. Eliot urges seems to me to be a personal one; an, as it were, individual censorship. Even if otherwise it would not be the worst thing in the world.

WM. J. METER.

Mt. Penn, Pa.

Nietzsche's Letters

SIR:—The Nietzsche Archiv, Weimar, has in preparation the definitive edition of Nietzsche's Works and Letters. The editors would be grateful for any information about letters in American possession.

It is requested that any such information be sent to the undersigned, who is prepared to undertake the making or the forwarding of the copies to Weimar.

(PROFESSOR) CARL F. SCHREIBER.
Yale University Library
New Haven, Conn.

Itinerary of T. E. Shaw

SIR:—As a caretaker of the world's literary odds and ends, you, I suppose, are the one with whom I should deposit the following facts gained in a summer in England. In more than one overnight boarding house—"bed and breakfast," as they call them—one can find on the guest book the name of T. E. Shaw. I know of at least two examples, evidently the result of one trip. One is at a house on the little narrow and steep street which leads up the hill to the Cathedral of Lincoln. I had a friend who stopped at a house in Whitby, further North, where Shaw had also been a guest on a motorcycling tour. It might be an interesting piece of literary and historical research to uncover and follow the entire itinerary.

EDWARD CHANDLER.

Brookline, Mass.

Suitcase

SIR:—I wouldn't be without *The Saturday Review*. I have all the back copies neatly stocked on the store room shelves and have used them for club papers, high school themes for my boys, and loaned them occasionally to my friends. But I insist on their return.

Once *The Saturday Review* saved me many dollars and much embarrassment. I got off a train at Grand Central and looked for my suitcase which the porter had taken to the platform. At the same time a burly individual grabbed one and we realized the cases were identical. He was sure he had the right one and was inclined to be belligerent about it, so I said to the porter: "My case is open and *The Saturday Review* is right on top." The burly man confidently tried the case he had claimed, and was he confused when it proved to be mine! Moral?

E. H. M.

Waterbury, Conn.

Memo

The editors of *The Saturday Review* wish to state that the letter by Mr. Charles Morgan to Mr. Wilson Follett with reference to Mr. Follett's review of "Sparkenbroke," which was published in the number of September twelfth, was a private letter and was not intended for publication in the form in which it appeared. Through a regrettable misunderstanding, for which Mr. Follett was not to blame, the editors supposed that the letter was released for publication and so printed it.

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A Spirited Novel of Reds and Refugees

INTERVAL ASHORE. By Horton Giddy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE author of this first novel, a young Englishman who has had much adventurous experience, has also evidently read Hemingway; but his manner of writing has its own particular tone. Mr. Giddy was in the British navy during the war and served on a destroyer in the Channel. After the Armistice he received the Distinguished Service Cross for participation in the attack on Kronstadt Harbor. He became a prisoner of the Soviets, and was released by exchange of prisoners in 1920. More recently he was admitted to the bar, and is now an estate agent in Berkshire. The story he tells concerns a young British naval officer, one Paul Rendle, who joins a destroyer at Odessa when that city is being evacuated by Denikin's army, with the Bolsheviki in hot pursut. Rendle is sent ashore to round up refugees. In a final search for two English mission officers with the Third Cadet Battalion, he gets into some street fighting, the cadets against the Reds, and is captured in company with a young cadet who turns out to be a girl in disguise, daughter of a White General, Brunov. They are imprisoned, lose each other, are taken by train to Kharkov, find each other on the train, and escape together in a lorry accident after leaving the criminal prison to be sent to Moscow. They then set their course South East to Rostov, after managing to buy a horse. They fall in with bandits fighting for neither side, journey with them, escape again, fall in with a defeated Cossack officer, and, finally get to Novorossisk, by which time Paul is delirious with typhus. He is taken on a hospital ship to Constantinople. This meagerest of outlines leaves out a great deal and does no sort of justice to the actuality of the story, the introduction of many other curious characters, the love affair between Tamara and Paul, the laconic effectiveness of the dialogue and description, the natural touches of humor, or the frankness and grimness of the book, with its fatalistic ending.

HORTON GIDDY

Tamara is thoroughly lovable and distinctly individual as a heroine. There are high spots of incident—concerning the dead men at the moonlit farm, and the desertion of Nekrassov, for instance—which are as laconically telling as anything this reviewer has read for some time. The book is compact and hard. Its emotional moments are heightened through the use of strong reserve. The description of the last stage of the journey, during which Paul is half-mad with fever, is striking. The end is poignant.

The hero is a conventional extravert whose thought is uncomplicated save by the memory of a girl back in England, Sheila, whom he has to marry. Paul takes all events simply as they come. But he is a very real and decent sort. "Interval Ashore" can be recommended as intensely readable and honest.

Why Not Coöperate?

CO-OP: A NOVEL OF LIVING TOGETHER. By Upton Sinclair. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THE simplest way to talk about any novel by Upton Sinclair is to distinguish between the social content and the literary capsule. The significant part of this book is an argument for workers' coöperatives as a way to the economy of abundance. The emphasis on "production for use" and the insistence that Americans can reach a socialized economy without facing the rough going of a proletarian revolution will be familiar to students of Mr. Sinclair's EPIC campaign two years ago, and the English and Scandinavian precedents have been recently much in the public prints. But this fictional treatment—all the incidents in which, the author asserts, are drawn from the actual experience of the hundred and seventy-five self-help coöperatives in California—is an interesting concrete exposition of the problem in its modern American setting.

There is a little of everything that bears upon coöperatives in this story of how a group of unemployed, with only their unwanted labor to draw on, began to make headway as a coöperative in the bitter winter of 1932, of their subsequent trials with politicians and capitalists, reds and red hunters, and of how they are now near to perishing, strangled in the meshes of Washington red tape. Some of the best pages are devoted to an analysis of the workings of the New Deal, bitter but funny, and uncomfortably close to the truth. For though Upton Sinclair probably oversimplifies—all intelligible proposals for economic change do over-

UPTON SINCLAIR

simplify—and though his heart may sometimes get the better of his head, he has a shrewd notion of the complex difficulties of the coöperative movement, he has learned something about practical California politics, and he is not so naive as he sounds. A good many people will want to read this book, not merely because Sinclair is a sincere altruist, still trying to save us from poverty and violence in spite of ourselves, but because the central proposal is thoughtful, sensible, and one towards which Americans who dislike both Moscow and Berlin are beginning to turn in increasing numbers. The man may have something.

To get at it, however, readers will have to wade through some of the soggiest fiction ever stacked in a publisher's cellar. Upton Sinclair must be a perpetual source of discouragement to everybody who believes that the art of fiction can be learned. He has been writing now for a third of a century. Opposite the title page there is a list of some fifty-seven of his books. He has been translated into I am afraid to say how many languages, and seriously mentioned for the Nobel prize. And he still deals in stage dummies from the property room of the old melodramas and in dialogue which makes the repartee of "Patty Went to College" seem a miracle of sparkling sophistication. Writing as lifeless and wooden as this must not only be hard to find, it must be hard to do. As for plot construction, the device of a string of stock episodes each introducing a new character, and alternating humor, pathos, and suspense copies exactly the technique of those moral and improving stories which now worm their endless way through what was once the daily comic strip. That inevitable comparison, once made, gives one pause. Perhaps Upton Sinclair, though a guileless and sincere reformer, is a more cunning artist than he seems, deliberately aiming at the creation of folk legends to touch the heart of America. After all, the adventures of Orphan Annie move millions whom Proust and Joyce and Mann would only put to sleep.

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The Rise of Father Divine

GOD IN A ROLLS-ROYCE. By John Hoshor. New York: Hillman-Curl. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by A. J. LIEBLING

THE purchase, for $150, of an ancient Rolls-Royce limousine that was being held for arrears of garage rent, has through the years brought thousands of dollars worth of publicity to that blatant but frugal Harlem deity, Father Divine. The climactic bonus on his small investment is the title of Mr. Hoshor's book. "God in a Second-hand Car" might have sounded less impressive, but it would have told more about the little colored man whose followers insist he is "God in the Fathership Degree." (Christ, they say, was only "God in the Sonship Degree.")

The book is full of accurate information about Father, and his people, but the author in his straining to make them sound "important" and "significant" sometimes ignores on one page what he has set down on another. Thus he ascribes 2,000,000 followers to Father, for no better reason than that Father himself always claims 20,000,000. "Of the total," Mr. Hoshor guesses on page 139, "probably ten per cent are white, certainly not more than fifteen per cent."

Yet a hundred pages or so further on, he notes that the movement has not touched the South. "There are in round figures 12,000,000 Negroes in the United States. Of these 9,400,000 are in the South." Nearly three out of every four Negroes north of the Mason and Dixon Line, then, or 1,800,000 out of 2,600,000, would have to be Angels to justify his earlier estimate of 2,000,000 followers, including ten per cent of whites. This is manifestly absurd. There are about 150 blocks in colored Harlem. Father's people predominate on only two: 115th St. between Fifth and Lenox, and 126th St. between Lenox and Seventh. And Harlem is God's footstool in the New Jerusalem. That the writer has a far "higher intuition"—to borrow a favorite Father Divine phrase—of the real number, he proves in his chapter on Heavenly finances.

"Take any group of five thousand individuals, for instance, and let them pool (1) all their property, real or personal, and (2) all their efforts and income, and they could also buy Rolls-Royces, airplanes, banquets, and real estate," he says. There are, in fact, just about five thousand believers in the United States. But they belong to Divine as utterly as the House of David people belonged to Ben Purnell or the Mormons to Joseph Smith. Their collective earning power composes an enormous income for one individual. He provides clothing, board, and very crowded lodging (if the believers do not have domestic service jobs where they "live out," in which case he saves that expense). As Mr. Hoshor writes of one particular "Kingdom"—*i.e.*, combination mission and lodging house —"the chances are the 'take' is from two to ten times the actual expenses."

All of which indicates that Father Divine, born George Baker, may not be a "Madman," "Menace," or "Messiah," the three possibilities suggested on the title page, but a shrewd and successful business man. This quality is not incompatible with the founding of a religion. Mohammed and Mary Baker Eddy died in affluence, and Dr. Buchman is apparently doing all right for himself, too. Mr. Hoshor, however, chooses to believe that Divine has a sincere Messianic intention, the universal mingling of the white and

FATHER DIVINE

colored races, and that all his strategies have been directed toward it.

"Like a skilled general," he says, Father makes no unnecessary sacrifices, but "lays the cash of his cult on the line when by so doing such action appears likely to bring him nearer his Messianic goal." "Father Divine is a general, fighting the battle of his race, but with religion, instead of bullets." And again "like a crafty general" he has Father using "the psychology of worrying the enemy by exaggerating the number of his adherents."

"What if some of his followers' homes have been broken up, what if some have given up all their savings and insurance money, all their property and wages to the cause? What if a great many of them are headed for a pauper's grave?" the author rhetorically inquires. "Greater sacrifices have been made for other, and less worthy, causes." Father's acceptance of the cash is a matter of fact, his motive one of opinion.

Even if you don't think much of the Hoshor interpretation, and I don't, the book is worth reading for its abundance of objective detail. It gives clearly the once "mysterious" source of the cult's income—the earnings of its members—although Mr. Hoshor seems to feel that the long mystification was a justifiable stratagem to obtain publicity and converts. It also includes about everything that's definitely known about Baker's beginnings.

Mr. Liebling did extensive research work for a recent study of Father Divine.

Jalna, Vol. 6

WHITEOAK HARVEST. By Mazo de la Roche. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1936. $2.50.

THE shelf of Jalna books now counts six titles—which, after all, as novels go today, is the equivalent only of two such robust volumes as "Anthony Adverse" or "Gone With the Wind." But it is enough, and this latest story, its action set in the years 1934-35, gives some indication of being the last. It at any rate brings the long family chronicle to a rounded close. To a great extent the estate has been the protagonist of the series. Generations of the Whiteoaks come and go, but Jalna goes on forever. In the penultimate volume, Jalna for the first time in its crowded history bowed to a mortgage, and readers feared the worst. The essential theme of this latest fast-moving story is the development of the threat to the estate, and the timely rescue of house and acres by the resourceful Renny Whiteoak. There is much subsidiary action: marital discords, religious conversion, the clash of neurotic personalities, provide busy chapters and ample suspense even apart from the mortgage. All surviving members of the Whiteoak clan, even to the old uncles returned from England, appear again. An illegitimate child emerges on the scene. But the essential story remains that of the estate, and in the last pages the lifting of the mortgage gives the effect of a peaceful close to the whole series of books.

The greatest merit of Miss de la Roche's earlier volumes lay in their rich, varied, and convincing character studies. As the chronicle progressed it has been natural for her to take the old characters ready-made, and the newer ones she has invented have lacked originality if not truth. This fact alone would account for a deliquescence in literary power. It must be added that the author has of late yielded somewhat to the temptations of melodramatic or saccharine situations. The constant succession of "scenes" in this book jades the reader. But it seems ungracious to say much in criticism of the writer who gave us "Jalna" and "Whiteoaks of Jalna"; few families anywhere in recent fiction can compare with them, and there are many readers who will be thankful for the entire six volumes.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

"A NIGHT AT AN INN"
or, The Cinque Ports

[Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, 18th Baron Dunsany—*Who's Who.*]

To bedward, says EDWARD.
I'm on, cries JOHN.
It helps to shorten the night, quoth MORETON.
Just a glass of port, to relax, says DRAX.
And now we've drunk it, mumbles PLUNKETT,
Come on, old zany.
And so all five, with yawns and snorts,
Having partaken their Cinque Ports,
Are merged in bed as LORD DUNSANY.

Notebook in Spiral Binding

At this beginning of the college year, I think you'll be pleased to know that the oldest university in the western world —San Marcos, in Lima, Peru—is again open and its beautiful palm-treed patios lively with students. When I saw it two years ago, San Marcos was closed under military guard. But now it is again busy at its teaching job; through the quadrangles comes the sharp trilling of time-bells and the hurry of feet on the old wooden stair under the portrait of Fray Tomás, the founder (in 1551). I had chance, a few weeks ago, for a brief ramble there, and noticed particularly—as at every school and college the world over—the multitude of notices on the bulletin boards. Among them was a synopsis of a course in Literatura Castellana and I wished I might have attended the lecture, then being given, on *la poesía juglaresca.* The *juglar* is what we would call the jongleur or troubadour. The synopsis made me think of Vachel Lindsay's very practical instructions in his *Handy Guide for Beggars.* It listed the kind of recompense received by the *juglar: sobre todo, dinero y paños para sus vestidos; alimentos, vino, a veces caballos*—"above all, money and cloth for his garments; food, wine, sometimes horses." There were, the notice added, *juglares de a pie y de caballo*: "jugglers both on foot and on horseback."

ECUADOR STAMPS . . .

There is something very pleasant in South American loyalty to the great name of Castile. For though the dialect of the streets is by no means Castilian in accent, they always use the word to mean the language of Spain. If, for instance, you ask a newsdealer if he has any Northamerican magazines, he will reply, "No, only Castellano."

Among these public notices was posted a letter that had come to the Rector of the University of San Marcos from Route 3, Red Oak, Iowa, dated May 15, 1936. *Estimado Señor* it began, respectfully enough, and went on to say that a young Iowan was trying to learn Spanish (he should have said "Castellano") and would like to improve himself by exchanging letters with one of the students of San Marcos. He concluded with a burst of intimacy which may have surprised the Rector—*Tu afectisimo amigo.* Anyhow I hope one of the young Peruvians has taken him up and that a lively correspondence is going on between Lima and Red Oak.

Speaking of struggles in Castilian, I must warn the traveler not to address a hotel chambermaid (as I did) *Oiga, camarone!* It seemed to me that she was a little startled, but she answered pleasantly enough; and fortunately she was of very small stature so the phrase was not completely inappropriate. It means *Hey, shrimp.* The word for chambermaid is *camarera.*

Another Northamerican touch on one of the San Marcos bulletin boards was a statement (in English) about Effective Education, quoted from Norman F. Coleman of Reed College and set as a translation exercise in one of the courses.

For me, any of those South American towns offered innumerable exercises in translation. It struck me that Spanish lends itself better than English to the lapidary art of brief inscription. Lima did a great deal in the way of cleaning and decoration for its 400th anniversary last year; I found many tablets in honor of writers and artists which had been put up since I was there before. The text of these epigraphs I thought delightful. For instance:—

LEONIDAS YEROVI (1882-1917)
Gran Poeta Bohemio
Que Resumó Dolor i Gracia

(Great Bohemian poet who united sadness and charm) and another to Don Felipe Pardo y Aliaga (1806-1868) el Egregio Satirico. There is something keenly salutary for the wandering mind to be exposed at every turn to names, ideas, traditions, of which it knows nothing, nothing whatever. I felt a curiously congenial pleasure in saluting these memorials of writers of whom I had never heard. They had their own hopes, disappointments, amusements, angers; in fact the Bohemian, I was told, was killed at the door of the newspaper office where he worked, in some romantic or political feud. The world of New York, which is important to us, meant nothing to them. It is pleasant sometimes to try to blot out everything known and familiar and live merely in superficial sensibility.—If you find yourself homesick for Northamerica you can always go to the movies, pondering meanwhile what sort of idea of the yanqui or gringo civilization young South Americans gather in their theatres. I fear they may imagine us a race alternating great physical comeliness with fantastic clowning. At any rate I got a pretty clear hunch that the young South American hidalgo takes his sartorial suggestion mostly from Hollywood.

. . . FOR DARWIN CENTENNIAL

I feel it worth interjecting that it does not matter how mistaken casual impressions may be provided they are sincere; I prefer substantive error to doctrineering fact. An honestly wrong impression is interesting because it often induces examination of the observer to find out what was his private coefficient that made him feel that way. Who for instance was the temperamental observer who in the Steamship Folder described the great cathedral in Lima as built of "gray stone"? As a matter of fact its greatest charm is that it's made of yellow adobe. In a sunset light it shines in beautiful orange and umber tints. But someone took a hasty look at it in the silvery mizzling weather of Peruvian winter and remembered how gray it looked.—They made a mistake when they scrubbed and brightened Lima's fine old tawny churches for the fourth centennial. Much of their loveliness lay in the swarthy patina of age.

Of the cathedral, I liked best to loiter at the open side door where a soft cool air blows across the dusky nave. If you stand straddling the sill, with one nostril you catch the sweet incense from inside, with the other the sharp tang of midday onions cooking across the street. By moving a little to one side or another you can blend and balance the two. There is obviously something in both that appeals specially to Spanish temperament. The ancient and supersweet vapors of the church, the rank and pagan whiff of the hodiernal onion, these are not impossible as symbol of their social division.

As a reporter of literary matters, I think I should note that a large book-

(*Continued on page* 14)

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EDITED BY BASIL DE SELINCOURT

Anne Douglas Sedgwick

A Portrait in Letters

The author of "The Little French Girl" had a remarkable gift for letter writing and her book presents the quintessence of the cultural period that has just passed. The delightful quality of her letters is shown by the brief excerpts below. ($2.75)

Queen Victoria's Funeral (1901): **"I can give you no idea of the wonder of it; the dim grey and green stretches of the park, pale sunlight suffusing a pearly sky, the masses of people, a darker grey, with the myriad faces, all an exquisite tremble of vague pink among the greys; then the line of the procession—the red flutter of pennons, the red cloaks of Horse Guards, the shining helmets, the long delicious lines of moving colour.**

A letter to William James (1902): **"I hope you are going to be very severe and *snubbing* for the mystics! Mysticism (perhaps I am ignorantly unfair) always seems to me a sort of *pate de foie gras* of the spirit;—its ecstasies, instead of being a losing of the Self, are, rather, a ludicrous and gigantic inflation of the Self—which seems lost because it is no longer in relation with anything real."**

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KENNETH REDDIN

A story of Dublin during the Sinn Fein troubles. "I picked it up last night, and bedam, I couldn't put it down." — *L. A. G. Strong.*

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The Bowling Green

(*Continued from page* 12)

store in Lima was holding a special sale early in September, well advertised in the papers. H. G. Wells's *Historia del Mundo*, a new cheap edition in Spanish, headed the list (as also in most Chilean bookshops). This was followed by translations of Machiavelli, Dostoievsky, Kipling, Agatha Christie, Panaït Istrati, Emil Ludwig, André Gide, and Freud. Also I noticed considerable display of Argentine editions of Van Dine, and found a kind of obscure comfort in a copy of Henry George: *Un Filósofo Perplejo*.

A sign that pleased me was in a little cambio (money-exchange) near the Hotel Maury in Lima. It said, *Sea Ud Breve, La Tertulia Perjudica*. This maxim, easy enough for me to observe in Spanish, is not so simple to translate in idiom. The idea of course is, Be Brief, Chatter is a Nuisance. But the words have larger overtones. *Tertulia* seems to mean a club meeting, a gathering for social palaver. The money-changer himself did not live up to the idea in his transaction, for instead of a few bills he gave me so much Ecuadorian small change I had to carry it in a bag.

But not all my translations were verbal. I crossed the Plaza San Martin—which has one of the finest public monuments you'll see anywhere—and stood at the corner of a busy street. There was a staccato rattle of quick little hoofs and a brown girl in a pink dress, sitting very erect on a trotting burro, came cruising along among the modern traffic of motor cars and trams. Braced each side of the brisk donkey was a sack as big as the rider, and on either flank loped a big yellow mongrel dog, one a little ahead, the other a little behind. You could see by the way they looked askance and scouted that they definitely considered themselves quartermasters and escorts. They and the burro took a long unhesitating curve across the sliddery paving, the child herself seeming to proceed by instinct and without the slightest doubt. The traffic at that moment was so lively that I myself had been waiting for a pause. I can still hear the rapid click of the burro's hoofs, see the long easy canter of the big dogs, and the confident dark nape over the pink dress. They disappeared down the street past the university and I stood there watching, beside a lady with a black lace mantilla who was waiting for a tram. I wish I knew how to translate that for some benefit—either my own or that of the child in pink. I leave it as an exercise for someone at San Marcos.

Panama City

In an untended plaza toward the sea
Is a fine statue of Balboa
Holding up his sword to claim the Pacific
For the king of Spain.

On a bronze tablet are reproduced
Letters written by the President of Panama
And Alfonso XIII.
The President wrote (in effect):
We would be proud to have
Your Majesty's contribution
Toward the memorial perpetuating
So magnificent an episode.

But the prudent Alfonso
Aware that the Pacific was lost forever
In his courteous reply
Said, it's a noble idea
But did not add
Enclosed please find.

Panama Canal

Landslides and hydraulics
Are not the only problems.
For instance, they have to keep the Canal
From filling up with tropical hyacinths
And they employ a squad
Of Water Lily Exterminators.

Salute to Venus

As you float in the swimming pool
In blaze of noon,
The first officer, above on the bridge-deck,
Brings out his sextant
To locate stars by daylight
And reckon a Venus Latitude.

Wallowing at luncheon time
This deserves a thought in rhyme:
O goddess, who seemed lost
In life's meridian glare
I give thee sweet accost—
I'm glad that you're still there.

Literary Felonies

(*Continued from page* 4)

eel, stingy as a miser, and sour as a lemon; a terrible old coot, ugly as sin.

His harsh letters would have cut me to the quick, if I hadn't been naturally pretty indebygodpendent, with a proper pride in my gratifying success and the wide recognition of my sterling qualities as a Scribe. But I didn't cut off my nose to spite my face, and I wrote to him as innocently as the cat that has just licked off the cream.

Well, taking one thing with another, and speaking by and large, and allowing for everything and taking everything into consideration and not failing to look at the proposition from both sides, it was O. K.

I don't mean to say that there in the eternal hills, one day was always like another or even more so. We did have our spells of bad weather, for, as they say, you can't have everything. One day it would be hot as hell, and the next, cold as hell, and then wet as hell, and for a week it would be dry as hell, and such changes mean something in a place where the mountains are high as hell and the valleys low as hell—to say nothing of being as flat as a pancake. But what of it? What I always say is, you've got to take the lean with the fat. My hosts were kind as hell—not like the city, where so many people are mean as hell. The weeks went by like a dream, and I hated to think of leaving—why, I hated it like hell.

Even after a fortnight of recuperation I wasn't quite up to mountain climbing. My feet were heavy as lead and my heart would pound like a trip-hammer when I tramped, and once I tripped and came down like a ton of brick. I couldn't help it; I just cried like a babe—indeed, I screamed like a stuck pig, and when I got up, my nerves were twitching like fiddle strings, and I wanted to run like a scared rabbit. I thought I was going to die like a dog, right there. Oh, I was a tenderfoot, all right—green as grass. I guess that to Cap'n Moxie I was transparent as glass. He could read me like a book.

But I fixed that all up, slick as a whistle.

I got me a filly that was gentle as a kitten and sure-footed as a goat; light as a feather yet faster than greased lightning. Oh, she was smart as a whip. I would ride along the razor-like edge of a yawning chasm, between crags as steep as the side of a house. To make thirty miles a day was easy as rolling off a log. I felt I was a lazy dog, but I was having the time of my life, and I got brown as a berry. Yessir, you bet your sweet life I was.

Of course sometimes I was still nervous as all get-out, and occasionally, after it had been easy as pie for me to sleep like a log and even to sink into deep slumber and pound my ear like a house afire, and even though I might be tired as sixty and limp as a wet rag after riding so many miles in God's great out-of-doors, yet I'd suddenly find myself jumpy as a sore tooth and fussy as an old maid when I sought my virtuous couch—honestly, just as crazy as a bedbug. In that ravine up there, the nights were black as your hat, and the hours went by slow as molasses, while I would lie and quiver like an aspen.

But otherwise I was happy as the day is long; busy as a bee and always willing to stick till the cows came home. Once in a while I did long for the city; longed to hear again, from the press box, the thunder of applause, and to see the sea of upturned faces; to feel the public's pulse and to play on their heart-strings. I thought how nice it would be to get all dressed up like a plush horse again, and run into some pal that was lit up like a new saloon and laughing like a hyena. But for two months I stuck like a leech, and became hard as a rock and sound as a nut, and where I had been thin as a rail, now I was fat as butter. But all good things must come to an end, and so at last I bade a fond farewell to my mountain friends and wended my homeward way. And how I did wend that way! Admiral Byrd never did a better job of wending!

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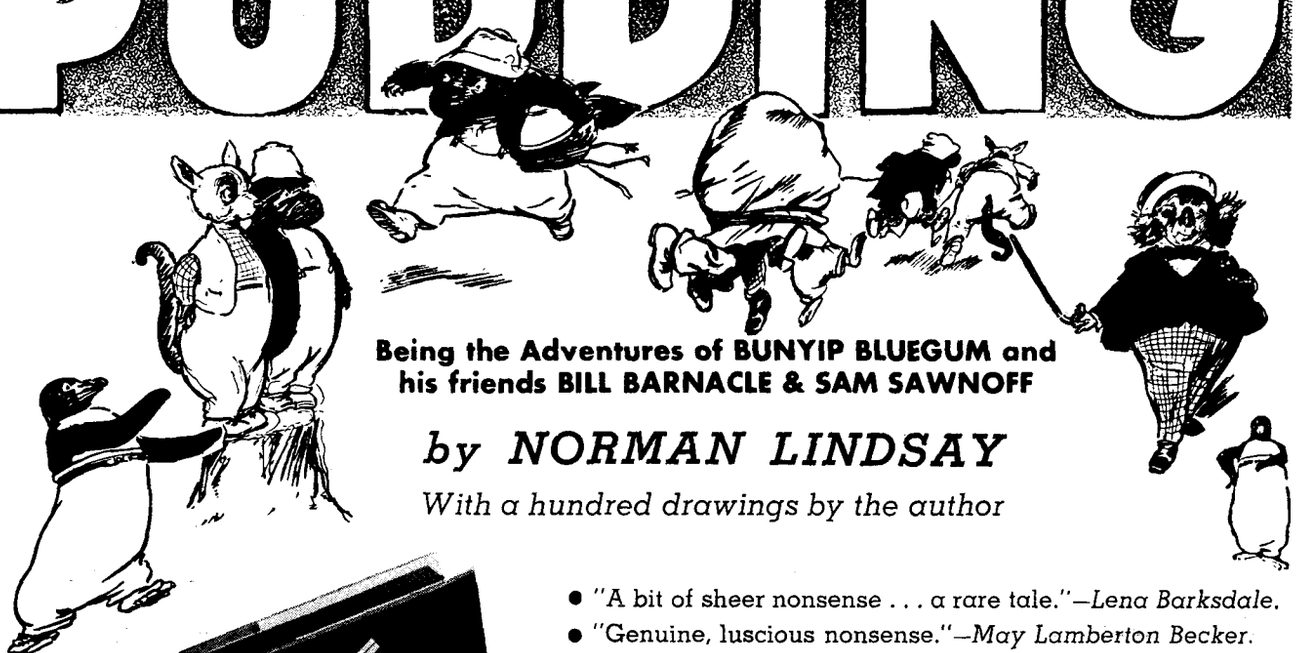
"A gusty, absurd saga . . . as rollicking as Gilbert and Sullivan" — N. Y. TIMES

THE MAGIC PUDDING



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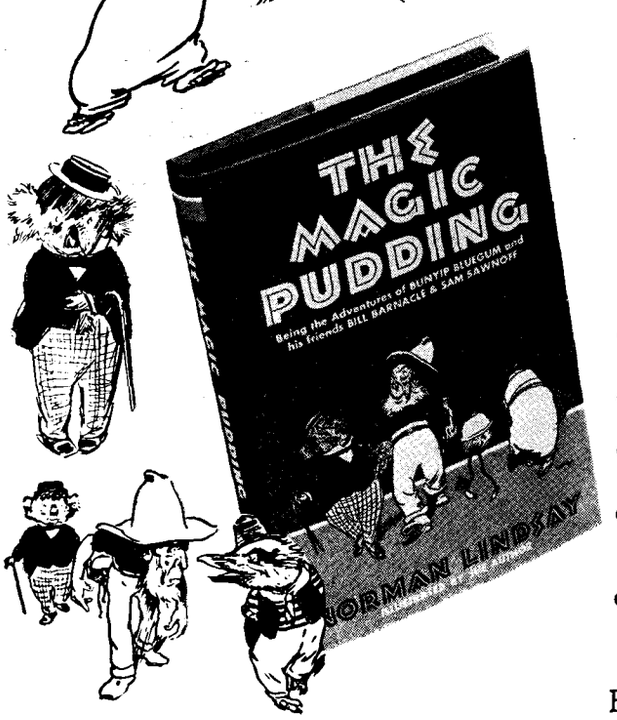
With a hundred drawings by the author



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- "It's gorgeous . . . I shouted over it till I woke my cat." —*Constance Lindsay Skinner.*
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- "I enjoyed every moment of it."—*Louis Untermeyer.*

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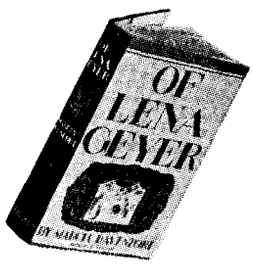
Charles Hanson Towne



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by Marcia Davenport

"If you like the opera, you will riot in the pages of *Of Lena Geyer,* Mrs. Davenport's exultantly operatic story of the rise of a diva." *Clifton Fadiman in The New Yorker.* $2.75

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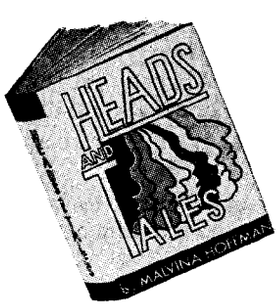

at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

A Choice of Revolutions

IN THE SHADOW OF TOMORROW. By Jan Huizinga. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1936. $2.50.

REVOLUTION WHITHER BOUND. By Hugo F. Simon. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by BARBARA SPOFFORD MORGAN

BOOKS that deal with the general malaise of civilization often disappoint the reader because, the broader the standpoint from which they are written, the less likely they are to offer the panacea which will make everybody happy. But the merit of such books does not lie in programs of action. It lies rather in the clarification of ideas out of which, when they have sufficiently cleared, action will arise.

"In the Shadow of Tomorrow" is written by Jan Huizinga, professor of history in Leyden University. He considers the weakening of judgment in the present, the misuse of science, the decline of the critical spirit, the deterioration of morals, and the decay of style. His point of departure is a defence of knowledge and understanding against the "worship of life." Worship of life, or "existence-conditioned thought," is Huizinga's version—as it is of others—of the general anti-rationalistic reaction today. He quotes the chairman at a Congress of Philologists at Treves in 1934 as reproaching a speaker with "lack of subjectivity" in a matter of historical interpretation. And the crassest example of this kind of thing that I know of happened this summer in Heidelberg when Dr. Goebbels declared, "Objective truth is not our goal."

Huizinga is especially concerned with the effects of the anti-noetic principle in politics. The most effective chapter in the book, I think, is "Life and Battle," in which he attacks the concept of the State as an absolute object on the same philosophical plane as the concepts of truth and justice. Summarized all too briefly, his argument is that whereas all action is struggle, in order to be productive the struggle must be between real antitheses. The superstate, however, puts up the false antithesis of friend-foe (taken from Carl Schmitt's *der Begriff des Politischen*), an opposition which is purely subjective and consequently anarchical.

The book is being widely read in Germany where I believe it has not been forbidden. Its appeal is, perhaps, chiefly to those who do not accept their period, for in spite of the four line preface in which the author says "I am an optimist," the whole argument is retrogressive. To demand a return to reason is like sighing for the Garden of Eden, although the Garden of Eden may have had more snakes and poisoned fruits than we are apt to think. To the real optimist the way out of the present morass of subjectivity is a disinfecting of the irrational with intellect—not a return to the extreme of rationality from which we are reacting. In spite of a kind of abdication in favor of the young at the close of the book, it is clarifying to have a point of view, whether one agrees with it or not, traced through in its application to so many phases of modern life.

Dr. Simon's book is more actual, and shows the effect of practical experience as well as reflection. He has indeed had an intensive experience, on the German General Staff during the war, as secretary to Rathenau, in the German Foreign Office dealing with reparations, as well as later in London and six years in Chicago as consul general. Dr. Simon counts twenty-four fundamental revolutions in the last eighteen years and sees more in the making. "Whither bound" is answered definitely if somewhat generally as "the epoch of organization." And between these two, the fact of upheaval and the destiny which he foresees, the author analyzes the present revolution in politics, summarizes the chief post-war constitutions, and discusses government organization and the purpose of government. Turning to the revolution in economics he focusses his discussion on the relations of government with business and outlines the development of these relations in the chief industrial nations. He then criticizes some of the methods of economic interference and concludes—without apparently much "wish thought"—that we are going toward greater national integration, more emotionalism, more organization, and more restricted property rights.

Dr. Simon draws a line between communistic types of government and democratic types, in which he includes fascism. This line he finds to be between the quantitative conception, which is democracy, and the qualitative or aristocratic one, which he calls communism. Do not be misled by the word *aristocratic.* The "aristoi" vary from time to time and nation to nation; that the aristoi in communism are the working class means not that they are the best, but that the political system is based on regarding them as the best. The author argues at some length that fascism properly belongs to the democracies—organized, as distinguished from majority, democracy—because the head of the State exists through and by the will of the people, is entirely reponsive to and dependent on them.

Dr. Simon's book will probably be taken by many as a defense of fascism. If it is, it is a defense of fascism as he hopes it will develop rather than in its present revolutionary phase. For example, he finds that the German practice of compulsory lowering of interest rates and support of the home market gives "only a breathing spell but no constant help." He believes that government should not be involved in economic details but should set national goals and be arbiter and coordinator in industry. Looking more deeply into political theory, he sees fascism—I should guess—as an attempt to adapt the old liberalism of *laissez aller* to modern times. As against communism, which absorbs the whole national life into the government by one class, fascism is trying to find a "practical synthesis between governmental leadership and private initiative"—realizing that the latter is the nation's source of vitality. More-

(*Continued on page* 23)

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last week . . .

in *The Saturday Review*, George Dangerfield wrote of Joyce Cary's remarkable novel:
"Mr. Cary's book, I am convinced at the moment, is one of the most readable novels I have ever read," and he

JOYCE CARY
author of

THE AFRICAN WITCH

went on to illustrate his point with the violence, the vividness, the satire and the triumphant achievement of the story. Here is a novel—the kind of story "not to be read in its season and forgotten," writes Margaret Wallace --that by sheer narrative spell seems to have bewitched a magic circle of readers, of diverse tastes and temperaments; people like William Seabrook, William McFee, Marquis Childs, Dorothy Canfield, Isabel Paterson, Dorothea Lawrance Mann, Mabel Dodge Luhan, Lewis Gannett, and Louis Bromfield, who says:
"This is the most exciting and one of the most intelligent novels I've read in years and years."

* *

The New Yorker, just out, adds that it's "not the usual tom-tom nonsense, but gives the effect of real history"—and Robert Van Gelder notes that it's one of the shortest-seeming 400-page novels that I have ever read." ($2.50)

last week . . .

in the same issue of the *Review*, Dr. Mabel S. Ulrich, who with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt was one of the first to hail a book of fiction that is arousing a personal reaction as do few publications, wrote of Martha Gellhorn's THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN:
"When a book seems woven not out of words but out of the very tissues of human beings, on first reading its evaluation as literature is almost impossible even to a hardened reviewer. This is such a book. Its four stories ring true as a report from a relief worker's notebook, and it is not until you have closed its covers that you begin to think of the art inherent in their telling."

MARTHA GELLHORN
author of

THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN

News-Week further reports the event:
"Four splendid stories of Americans on relief: Mrs. Maddison, pecking at the arid earth of a model-settlement farm; Joe and Pete watching their NRA cannery union sink beneath their feet; Jim swiping a dress for his girl to get married in; Ruby innocently becoming a 50-cent prostitute at 11. Martha Gellhorn writes without gloves . . ."

* *

In these dramatic pages may well be the makings of an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of industrial economics. ($2.50)

the week before

again in *The Saturday Review* Isaac Goldberg wrote of an extraordinary document, reading like a tale out of the dark ages, that gains new readers every day—GOMEZ: Tyrant of the Andes, by Thomas Rourke:
"To most people this first full account in English, from the pen of an engineer and a novelist who knows the territory both as scientist and artist, will come as a black revelation . . . for here is the story of a man who drained Venezuela of its brains, of its manhood, of its finances; ruled over its women like a sultan and fathered, in his Oriental way, a brood of almost a hundred children by a harem of twenty; adorned his despotism with tortures for which we must reach back, through the inquisitions of the dark ages, to the cold ferocity of South America's aborigines."

* *

GOMEZ is an unparalled story. With fiery pen, Thomas Rourke reveals just how he held a whole nation in a political straight-jacket as the first New World dictator, and the first of the great modern dictators to die. The book is an invaluable case-history of autocracy. (Illus. $3.50)

THOMAS ROURKE
author of

GOMEZ:
TYRANT OF THE ANDES

THIS WEEK the chorus swells, as three exciting new books, of widely varied appeal, continue to win personally enthusiastic reviews, a spreading circle of friends, and a permanent place, in their First Editions, on many a well-chosen library shelf. Vital and vivid, they add their attractions to the interesting fare of the new season currently offered on bookshop counters.

and published by MORROW

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The AMEN CORNER

We were delighted the other day to come quite unexpectedly on one of the most spontaneous and most complete tributes to the quality of Oxford books that even our partial imagination could think of.

We were reading John Holmes on "The Look of a Book" in the *Boston Evening Transcript.* We cannot resist quoting his final paragraph, which contains what, for the Oxonian, has always been the conclusion of the whole matter:

"There will always be *something*," writes Mr. Holmes, "about books from the Oxford University Press[1] that no other publisher can match, and it makes them just a little more desirable as books than any others. They are never smart, never forthright; but the touch of them communicates a love of books, of all books, but with a slight list of affection toward any that Oxford might publish. I think their designers and pressmen are all Doctors of Literature for the love of it, or that they design and print as an avocation for the love of it. Their bindings and title-pages with a quiet distinction suggest without ever stressing it that the world of great literature is a rich and enduring nation that will never fall, and they are first citizens in it. The book may be only a copy of the little World's Classics,[2] the only really pocket-size books there are; or it may be the Standard Authors'[3] edition; both are alike in their dark plain blue covers, the titles on the back in gold, and lines pressed into the covers an inch or so from the edge. This is called blind stamping. Or it may be any one of their ultimate editions of the great poets;[4] scholarship alone, of course, gives them first place, the Donne,[5] the Herrick,[6] and the others. But what books they are to hand down from the shelves and hold while a few pages are turned, and with what pure envy does one see them in another's library! The more modern books by the Oxford Press are each in their way distinguished, at whatever price, and their really fine editions probably cannot be matched for sheer excellence."

We can't add anything to that, except to urge you to visit the library of the Oxford Press or the nearest bookseller and ask to see some of these books.

Among "the more modern books" we might recommend especially for their appearance *Vivians,* by M. Vivian Hughes[7]; *Thomas Cranmer of Canterbury,* by Charles Williams[8]; *Icaro,* by Lauro De Bosis, with a translation by Ruth Draper[9]; *Claude Debussy,* by Léon Vallas[10]; *The Life of Charles James Fox,* by Edward Lascelles[11]—and many more.

THE OXONIAN.

(1) 114 Fifth Avenue, New York. (2) 80c each. Write for complete list of nearly 450 titles. (3) $1.50 each. Write for list. (4) *The Oxford English Texts.* (5) *The Poems of John Donne.* Edited by H. J. C. Grierson. 2 vols. $10.00. (6) *The Poetical Works of Robert Herrick.* Edited by F. W. Moorman. $4.25. (7) $3.00. (8) $1.50. (9) $3.00. (10) $8.00. (11) $3.75.

The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

MAN'S FATE. By André Malraux. *Random House.*

A JOURNEY INTO RABELAIS'S FRANCE. By Albert Jay Nock. *Morrow.*

ANNE OF ENGLAND. By M. R. Hopkinson. *Longmans, Green.*

Biography for Club Discussion

Mrs. R. C. of Hominy, Okla., *wishes suggestions of biographies, not necessarily the most recent, which could be used as basis for club discussion.*

THE American in the making, whether through the process of the melting pot or as the product of the native soil, is always an interesting personality for debate and should, I think, appeal to Mrs. R. C. for her purposes. If her club is not already familiar with literature of the sort it ought to have no difficulty in selecting a number of lives whose pertinence for our day if not as great as for their own still remains. First, there is the group of biographies of immigrants who have come to the United States and found in it opportunity and careers. Among the most interesting of these are Jacob Riis's THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN (Macmillan), still one of the most enheartening accounts of success and reputation wrested from adverse circumstances to be found; Ludwig Lewisohn's UPSTREAM (Boni & Liveright), which has the effectiveness of a chronicle written from intense emotion and the benefit of a skilful style; Michael Pupin's FROM IMMIGRANT TO INVENTOR (Scribners), beginning against the picturesque background of peasant Serbia and advancing to academic dignities won at Columbia and scientific achievements proclaimed by the world; an older autobiography, and one of which the interest is in great part political, Carl Schurz's REMINISCENCES (Doubleday, Doran), and Louis Adamic's LAUGHING THROUGH THE JUNGLE (Harpers) where industrial conditions as reflected in the attitude of the workers get first prominence. There's another narrative by a foreigner transplanted to these shores which in its day had wide popularity and which, though its author has lived long enough in this country to reach middle age and to see vast changes come over the complexion of its thought, still retains its freshness of interest. That is Mary Antin's THE PROMISED LAND (Houghton Mifflin), which, as vividly as any recent book I know, reflects the hopes and dreams of the European seeking freedom and opportunity across the seas, and which, unlike many of the chronicles of the last few years, caps the eager anticipation of its first chapters with the delighted fulfilment of its later ones. Into this same category of immigrant literature falls also Edward Bok's THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN (Scribners), the record of a successful editorial career.

So much for Americans by adoption. Now for those sprung of American stock. Place first for the oldest Americans—the Indians. Charles A. Eastman's FROM THE DEEP WOODS TO CIVILIZATION (Little Brown), the autobiography of a man of Indian blood whose early years were spent among his people, and Stanley Vestal's SITTING BULL (Houghton Mifflin), a life of one of the great figures of the Indian wars based on exhaustive research, are picturesque volumes that open up all sorts of avenues of discussion. Then there are the Negro chronicles like Booker Washington's UP FROM SLAVERY (Doubleday, Doran) and ALONG THIS WAY (Viking), the autobiography of James Weldon Johnson. In contrast to these reminiscences of the underprivileged races is such a book as THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS (Houghton Mifflin) wherein the training and philosophy of the product of America's most patrician culture may be seen in evolution. Another work which strikes its roots deep into American soil is Hamlin Garland's SON OF THE MIDDLE BORDER (Macmillan), in locale and experience remote but no less essentially of the American background than Adams's book. There are dozens of other biographies I might suggest but these, it seems to me, might furnish a beginning for the club's program.

Postscript on Peace Programs

Apropos of the inquiry of *D. A. B.* in the Clearing House of July 11 for material for programs on peace Lois L. Comings of Lyme, Conn., suggests in addition to the references I gave then that another good source is The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, 1924 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., an organization of which Jane Addams was for twenty years International President. It has offices in many cities, but as the headquarters of the Literature Committee are in the Philadelphia office, it might be well to write directly there. Certainly discussion of peace, discouraging as it may seem in a world where Spain in torn by civil war and Japan trying to reduce China to vassalage, is a subject worth the while of any club.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 131)

SITWELL—
"VICTORIA OF ENGLAND"

Lord Beaconsfield loved her because of her great nature, because of her wise heart, her eagle's view, the glamour that surrounded her, the incredible majesty and splendour of her walk, her natural love for her people.

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The New Books

Fiction

TIME TO KILL. By Rearden Conner. Knopf. 1936. $2.50.

Mr. Rearden Conner's new novel is, we fear, nothing more nor less than a pastiche of the works of O'Casey, O'Flaherty, O'Connor, and O'Faolain. Written with a certain meretricious flash and ability it will no doubt have considerable success amongst those people who innocently suppose that the average Irish slum dweller talks like this: " . . . boots on her like turf boats, an' she breakin' her legs tryin' to lift them off the ground an' they fallin' down by themselves."

Briefly, the story concerns an unemployed laborer, Tim Morgan, who lives with and on an unsympathetic bully of an elder brother, Joe. The scene is laid in a tenement house in one of these fictional seaport towns which might, geographically speaking, be anywhere, except for the fact that the inhabitants converse in a sort of bastard Kiltartan (a language which was invented by the late Lady Gregory for the Abbey Theatre and was brought to a state of perfection by the one and only J. M. Synge). In their brighter or more abusive moments Mr. Conner's characters relapse into pidgin O'Casey so the reader may safely deduce that it is an Irish seaport town. Gradually we see Tim Morgan's mind give way under the strain. He develops an obsession against society in general and "whore-masters" in particular and inevitably drifts into homicidal mania, commits three murders, and finally knifes his brother as he sleeps. In the last chapter we leave him on his way to the police station to give himself up. There is no doubt that Mr. Conner can write. The book is ably constructed with all the driving power of an exciting melodrama, and the characters have something of the hideous vitality of Cruikshank illustrations. There are moments when one feels that if the author could rid himself of outside influences he might in time write something of genuine worth. But why, O why, does he use that spurious Synge-song dialogue? Its very spuriousness lends the book a maddening monotony.

M. M.

CRADLE OF LIFE. By Louis Adamic. Harpers. 1936. $2.50.

The Mayerling tragedy has left behind it many curious echoes, but surely few more strange than the story told by Mr. Adamic in his new novel. Somewhere in "The Native's Return" there is a reference to an illegitimate child, supposedly the son of the Austrian Crown Prince Rudolf, who was brought up by Croatian peasants. "Cradle of Life" is an elaboration of this legend, telling at length of the boyhood and youth of one Rudo Stanka, a "fachook," or bastard, farmed out by a midwife to a desperately poor family in the village of Kuplenovo, near Zagreb. More often than not such children were killed off by the foster parents, both parties to the transactions thus being relieved of the responsibility. Mr. Adamic's hero, however, was clearly an unusual case, for he lived, and eventually his maternal grandfather came to see him and leave him a fortune.

Up to the boy's departure from his peasant home, Mr. Adamic's book is admirably done, full of direct and spirited pictures of Croatian village life. There is charm, too, in the subsequent description of Rudo's castle and of his unconven-

(*Continued on page* 22)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
A CLUE FOR MR. FORTUNE *H. C. Bailey* (Crime Club: $2.)	Rotund Reggie, slothful, epicurean, and gimlet-eyed as ever, assists London police in solving six queer cases.	One Reggie Fortune short story is as meaty as most full-length novels and five of these are tops.	Gratifyin'
FILE ON BOLITHO BLANE *Dennis Wheatley* (Morrow: $1.95.) Crimefile No. 1.	Bankrupt millionaire's suicide on rival's yacht has topspin; Miami police recognize old stuff and do their own, also old.	Novelty get-up like police dossier: mystery obvious; format, designed for speed, proves literary bushwa necessary after all.	Look at the pictures
THE BLOOD HOUNDS BAY *Walter S. Masterman* (Dutton: $2.)	Lord of ancient English moated manor slain in gloomy chapel. "Yard" man and mysterious artist-crook solve it.	Impressive Gothic trappings, bountiful action, too much plot, and the sweetest-mannered sleuth on record.	Gets by
A PUZZLE FOR FOOLS *Patrick Quentin* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Murdering fiend loose in high class booby-hatch finally quelled by almost-cured dipsomaniac and perceptive psychiatrist.	High-tension yarn with creepy background, baffling crimes, brilliant writing, and reverse English solution that leaves you limp!	Three cheers!

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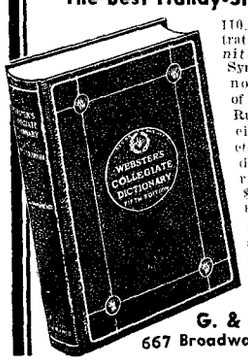

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Mark Twain's Only Son

THE only known photographic print of Mark Twain's only son, Langdon Clemens, is included in a Bret Harte exhibition of unusual scope and variety which is now on display at the bookshop of G. A. Baker & Co., 3 West 46th Street, New York. Langdon Clemens was born at Elmira, New York, November 7th, 1870, and died at Hartford June 2, 1872. The photograph in the G. A. Baker exhibit bears this inscription to Bret Harte in Mark Twain's hand: "The most determined singer in America sends his warm regards to the most notorious one. (Signed) Langdon Clemens. The lady is his aunt who sat for his mother and did it very well indeed, with the exception of resemblance—she broke down there." The designation "most notorious singer" refers, of course, to the tremendous acclaim which had greeted Harte's "Plain Language from Truthful James," more generally if erroneously known as "The Heathen Chinee." The G. A. Baker exhibition, held in honor of the centenary of Bret Harte's birth, includes all of his writings in both American and English editions, numerous presentation copies of unusually intimate association, photographs, and more than three hundred letters. It will continue through October.

Harvard Under Glass

Harvard's tercentenary has received adequate homage from Boston to San Marino. Through October 1st there will be displayed in the Treasure Room of the Boston Public Library a special Harvard exhibit which includes such crown jewels as a Bay Psalm Book and an Eliot Indian Bible. The Harvard College Library itself has been showing during the summer precious manuscripts from the university archives. The Huntington Library is exhibiting until September 30th a special collection of Harvardiana that extends from the earliest days up to Emerson's devastating Divinity School address of 1838. At Boston and at San Marino alike is available a copy of the rare "New England's First Fruits" (London, 1643), notable as the first effort at endowment-raising to be initiated in the New World.

Frank Forester

HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT: A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF HIS WRITINGS. By William Mitchell Van Winkle, with the Bibliographical Assistance of David A. Randall. 250 copies. Portland, Maine: Southworth-Anthoensen Press. 1936. $10.

Versatility in the product generally makes for a high degree of interest in a bibliography of the producer, as the present admirable compendium attests. Romancer, poet, translator, historian, sporting chronicler, author of technical disquisitions on the bringing up of dogs and horses and the bringing down of game, editor of magazines and annuals and prolific contributor to both, illustrator, and occasionally carver of his own wood-blocks, Henry William Herbert (which is to say Frank Forester) left behind him a concrete accomplishment of amazing dimensions. But this very quality has made the task of Mr. Van Winkle and Mr. Randall an exciting adventure. Theirs alike the dolor and the thrill that ride with explorers into uncharted wastes.

It was a chase which Herbert would have enjoyed, and its bag is impressive. The table of contents lists fifty-one original works, nine books edited by Herbert, twelve translations (there may have been more), twenty-one books containing contributions by him, and eleven attributions. His serial activity embraced nearly thirty magazines, plus numerous contributions to newspapers, many of them now unidentifiable. Add to this the fact that Herbert's heyday was the most difficult period bibliographically in American letters (1835-1850), and the achievement of Messrs. Van Winkle and Randall takes on added lustre.

Thirteen collotype reproductions amplify and interpret the text and lend a pleasant period flavor to a manual that is as handsomely and serviceably managed typographically as it is intelligently edited. Though the text is so well categorized that the book almost indexes itself, a formal index would have added a magnificent capstone to its utility.

Just as most sailors come from North Dakota, so do many collectors of sporting books gestate in unhorsey environments—and are none the less enthusiastic on that account.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Q., always slow to learn what's going on, didn't know about the popular word-game *knock, knock* until he went to Albany last week to attend the dedication of Miss Fay and Miss Foote's new Mistletoe Bookshop at 25 Dove Street. ☞But after being told several knock, knocks by talented raconteurs the old Scandinavian finally got the idea and begot one of his own which seemed to please the bibliophiles present.. It was due, he thinks, to having been shown the serried ranks of fine bindings in the library of the University Club of Albany. At any rate, here it is:—

Knock, knock!
Who's there?
Demerara.
Demerara who?
Dem are rare editions.

☞The day that Old Q. went to Albany he found his N. Y. Central train sprinkled with jubilee folders announcing Syracuse's satisfaction in its newly opened R. R. station. ☞No longer can Syracuse be known in vaudeville as the town where trains run in the street, and old Q. hopes that Miss Cummings and Mrs. Bigelow and all the other friendly booksellers of Syracuse are celebrating with gala business.

☞Old Q. had fun studying the first of the Crimefile detective stories—an album containing the complete police dossier concerning The File on Bolitho Blane (Morrow). All clues, documents, items of evidence, are presented in actual *physical* form as they appeared to the detective—bits of bloodstained curtain, strands of hair, burned match, telegrams, memos, etc. ☞It's a clever novelty though the story itself is scarcely strong enough to hold up. ☞Q. enjoyed doing a little detective work on his own hook, and concluded at once that in spite of the statement on the album "printed in the U. S." the original documents must have been prepared in England. Evidence submitted:—(1) Type faces and facsimile handwritings plainly British. (2) Notation for dates, e.g. March 8 written as 8/3, instead of 3/8. (3) Notation for times, e.g. 7.5 instead of 7.05. (4) A man in a hurry described as going *overland* from Panama to Miami—an almost impossible journey (unless by "overland" they mean by air). (5) a U. S. detective would never call an undershirt a "vest," nor a pad of paper a "block." (6) *Who's Who in America* would never use "Coy" as an abbreviation for "Company." (7) The police of Miami, Fla., would never spell rumors *rumours;* nor put a comma after the number of a street address, e.g. "1256, Palm Avenue." These points, plus others, convinced Old Inquisitioner Q. that the ingenious authors of the Crimefile have never visited the U. S.

☞Putnam's report that Dorothy Aldis's charming books of verses for children sold more than 50,000 copies in the original editions, and are now available in $1 reprints. ☞The Heritage Press asks advice: what would be the best time of year to issue a new illustrated edition of Walton's *Angler*? Should it be at Christmas, when nobody fishes, or in spring when people fish but don't give so many presents? ☞Enthusiasts for *Gone With the Wind* were surprised by Macmillan's advertisement in last week's S.R.L., jubilantly proclaiming that the book had sold "now over 40,000." This was not just commercial diffidence but a fallen cipher—the actual figures to date are 426,000. ☞The Q. Associates offer congratulations to J. A. McKaughan, advertising manager of Reynal & Hitchcock, on his marriage to Elizabeth Honness, formerly with the Century Co., now managing editor of *The American Girl.*

☞L. G., our Red Raven Split-Second Reporter, files:

☞Smart book merchandising started off the Fall book season when Brentano's Book Store, New York City, held a fashion pre-view of new styles, Wednesday, Sept. 16, to help promote sales for the new national best-seller *Live Alone and Like It* by Marjorie Hillis and published by Bobbs-Merrill. ☞Bonwit-Teller, Fifth Avenue shop, coöperated with the bookshop in furnishing the apparel and models. ☞The tie-up, an ingenious stunt, brought several hundred people to the store and resulted in about a hundred sales for the book. Miss Hillis autographed the copies. ☞The models were introduced by Miss Johnson of *Vogue* magazine who cleverly carried out the style angles as suggested in the book. The models, cute and clothes-broken, tripped through the book aisles. Frequent attention was brought to the book and the filly of soul who lives alone and likes it won't need to live alone long.

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VINCENT O'SULLIVAN, a friend of Wilde's, tells the story of Wilde's Paris years, cramming it with anecdotes of Dowson, George Moore, Zola and other glamorous figures whose wit and genius flavored a fascinating period. $2.50

Aspects Of Wilde

by Vincent O'Sullivan

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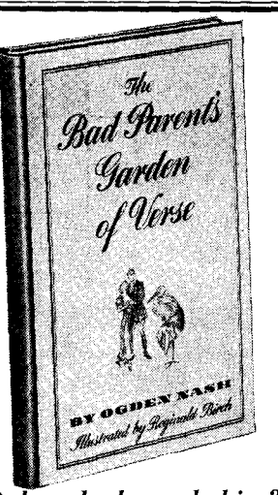

(Did anybody say babies?)

A few years ago OGDEN NASH wasn't a parent. At that time he wrote several poems that violently antagonized babies all over the country. Not being a parent, he was a bad parent.

Came the dawn and NASH became a parent. Since the dawn he has continued writing things about children. As the title of his new book indicates, he still considers himself a bad parent.

Among the pleasures confronting the reader of *The Bad Parents' Garden of Verse* (published last week, $2.00) is that of deciding which of the verses were written before the blessed events occurred and which after. Our friends in the Publicity Business have, as a matter of fact, been urging us to conduct a contest and give a free baby to everyone who guesses correctly which verses were written B.B. and A.B. We say a murrain upon them. If there are any extra babies around, *we'll* take them.

Both OGDEN NASH and your correspondents are grateful to Mr. Reginald Birch (remember the Little Lord Fauntleroy illustrations? he did them) for his drawings. With these, *The Bad Parents' Garden of Verse* achieves a new high in mergers. It is sort of like a wedding between The New Yorker and The St. Nicholas Magazine. —ESSANDESS.

funnier than the New Deal itself . . .

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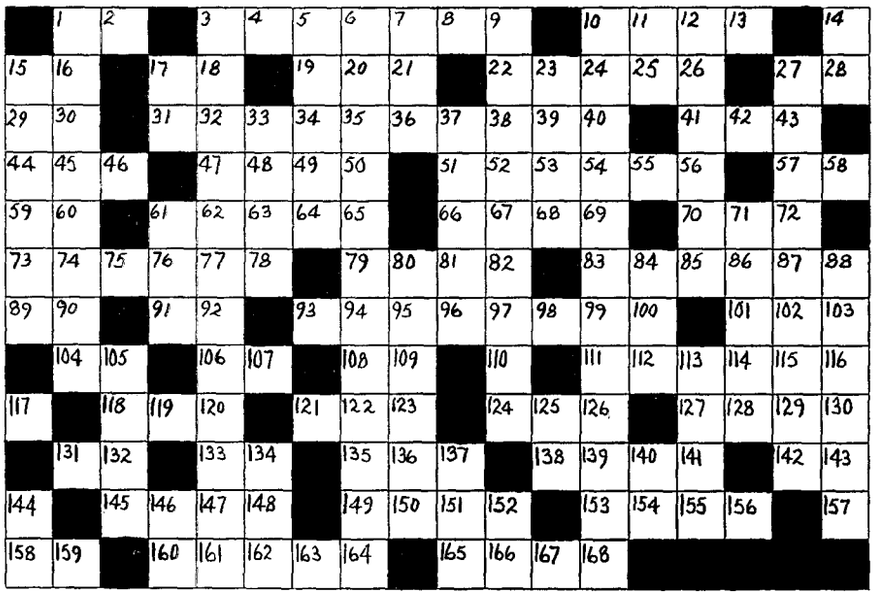
Double-Crostics: No. 132

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Dictatorial.

II. Join.

III. Worships.

IV. Cry of a certain domestic animal.

V. Wanton wrong.

VI. Spirited.

VII. Further.

VIII. Muscular.

IX. Greek letter.

X. Straightforward.

XI. Family connections.

XII. Strange, uncouth.

XIII. Mandate.

XIV. Tie.

XV. Swift horses.

XVI. Beethoven symphony.

XVII. To raise or collect.

XVIII. Instinctive.

XIX. The pope's triple crown.

XX. Prosper.

XXI. The general public.

XXII. Readily.

XXIII. Beaten track.

XXIV. Applause.

XXV. Irish poet and novelist (1882—).

XXVI. Staff of Bacchus.

WORDS

54 50 141 60 111 6 100 23 69 121

7 39 76 87 93 114

118 78 129 85 115 9

142 150 22 149 53 130

42 161 137 168 139 88 77

120 147 92 11 131 128 153

117 52 36

104 95 125 14 151 112

136 49 63 98 110

48 74 144 24 167 40 89 132

127 97 84 3

158 143 107 55 91 8 26 68 83 99

138 106 12 19

145 31 2 165 45 116

20 122 159 126 62 119 146 18 124 79

21 34 80 133 101 166

163 33 155 16

17 103 10 43 28 152 64 59 46

29 38 102 162 58

148 66 75 140 32 156

71 15 154 90 157

56 96 134 108 72 164

51 4 94 57 27 86 35

67 73 160 25 70 1 81

44 61 82 5 30 105 135 113

13 37 41 65 109 123 47

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 19)

tional education there, though his extreme sensibility and lack of contact with the outside world make him seem at times like a Little Lord Fauntleroy, surprisingly transplanted to Yugoslavia. Having created this interesting if rather melodramatic figure, the author does not seem to have known quite what to do with him. A saintly priest teaches him to tame wild birds, a Serene Highness comes to see him and reveals the secret of his birth, he visits a neighboring estate and discovers the hollowness of the pre-war Austro-Hungarian aristocratic caste, he travels extensively and is bored, attempts to paint and is frustrated by an accident which deprives him of his hand and very nearly of his life. This middle section of an over-long book flounders a good deal. Such scenes as the interview between Rudo and the old Emperor Franz Josef serve no dramatic purpose and shed no new light on the personages involved.

Throughout one strong motive recurs—the constant longing of Rudo for the Zagoryé region and for his foster mother Dora. She comes to nurse him after his accident, and he falls in love with her daughter Zorka. Having opened his estate as a home for illegitimate children,—"fachooks" like himself,—he is preparing to settle down to a life of service as the book ends. But it is 1914, and the Archduke is approaching Sarajevo.

No very clear impression emerges from this portrait of an individual lost between two worlds. Rudo remains something of a freak, at home neither with the simple companions of his childhood nor with the aristocrats of his later years. Where Mr. Adamic made fine dramatic play out of his "Amerikanka" returning to the native heath, only a vague sentimental mysticism accompanies Rudo's desire to get back to the cradle of his life. Perhaps this is because in the one case the author experienced and felt deeply all about which he wrote, and in the other was merely indulging in a little fictional embroidery on a tall story current in Croatia.

T. P., Jr.

Miscellaneous

POLITICS: WHO GETS WHAT, WHEN, HOW. By Harold D. Lasswell. Whittlesey House. 1936. $2.50.

Professor Lasswell describes the study of politics as "the study of influence and the influential," and essays an objective picture of the way influence is got and kept. He seems to have been fairly successful in remaining objective; but it must be said that most of the book is merely a translation of familiar facts into the jargon of the learned, and that he is most interesting when he gets away from his declared purpose.

Not always; there is a long psychoanalysis of Lincoln which gets about everything into the picture except Lincoln; the sum of the parts here presented is considerably less than the whole as displayed in history. But when he comes to interpretation, he offers the opinion that the Russian Revolution—not as it was intended but as it has worked out—

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is very similar to the fascist revolutions in Italy and Germany; and defines the trend of the times as toward the supremacy of what he called "the middle-income skill groups" petite bourgeoisie, skilled labor, farmers, and minor professional men. These groups, he holds, are as yet seldom aware of a community of interest, and no common name has been found for them; but they are the groups whose condition has shown the greatest relative improvement in Russia, and which furnished the mass support for the new governments in Italy and Germany. In this country, too, he thinks such an alliance might easily take control, not as the Minute Men of a new brand of fascism, but as an anti-monopoly party which would reduce the power of the wealthy, give the little man a chance, and still retain the essential principle of private ownership.

Many people would undoubtedly like to see this happen, and the question of whether or how well it would work is beyond Professor Lasswell's field. One disadvantage of these detached studies of social attitudes is that they incline to ignore the possible existence of objective realities. Their theories, then, risk the fate of de Sitter's cosmology; which, one learns from recent works on astronomy, has fallen into disfavor because it overlooked the existence of matter in the universe.

E. D.

A Choice of Revolutions

(*Continued from page* 16)

over, in a wider social sense, Dr. Simon believes that fascism is trying also to integrate emotional and moral factors with economic interests as shown by the *Carta del Lavoro* and the *Reichsarbeitsgesetz*. This point of view will be much disputed. Fascism, for those who dislike it, means arbitrary dictatorship, neither less nor more. It should not be forgotten, however, that this dictatorial aspect of fascism, the strong and fanatical man who rules, is in each country where it exists, a response to a national emergency. The dictatorship of a single man is not a political system but a phase, passing usually with the passing of his personality. Behind these dramatic personalities in the fascist countries, political systems are working themselves out, and it is with these that we, as well as Dr. Simon, are concerned.

The chief merits of this book seem to me to be two: the great mass of factual material (including an appendix of ninety-three pages of examples of modern legislation) upon which the reader may draw his own conclusions, and Dr. Simon's attempt to clarify the ideology of fascism. Communism, to the thinking public, has become a fairly concrete thing, thanks to the ruthlessly logical Russian experiment, whereas fascism is still obscured by persecutions and vague oratory. Nevertheless, they do confront each other as two modern ways of meeting modern conditions, and definition, even if only to be refuted, is important in that revival of reason for which Professor Huizinga longs.

Barbara Spofford Morgan is the author of "Individuality in a Collective World."

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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PERSONALS

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